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Weeping Willow

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Chapter 1 by Florenceia

The girl whipped around to glare at the armor clad man walk through the door way. Her tear stained face twisted into a look of pure hatred.

"YOU KILLED THEM!" she howled, her voice hoarse from silently crying through the night.

"YOU LEFT THEM FOR DEAD. YOU COULD HAVE SAVED THEM, BUT YOU DIDN'T, YOU COULDN'T BRING YOURSELF TO SAVE THEM!" she continued ripping the covers off her night gown and standing up. She stumbled over to him, brought her face up to his and screamed. "YOU KILLED THEM, YOU KILLED THEM!"

Her entire body shook with rage. Her thin hands trembled as she pointed at him accusingly. The sudden burst of action had sapped her waning reserves of energy. With a gasp she tumbled to the floor. She collapsed onto her knees and weeped. "You could have saved my family," she whispered lifting her head to peer into his stoic face.

The knight bent down to lift her thrashing body and carry her to the bed that sat next to the window.

"Don't touch me, traitor," she hissed as he lay her underneath the covers every so gently. He knelt by the bed listening to her tears and accusations. As she cried herself into a fitful sleep he sat on the covers and placed her head onto his lap.

"Sleep, sister, sleep," he whispered cradling her head," Let the ghosts of the dead haunt you not in your slumber."

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